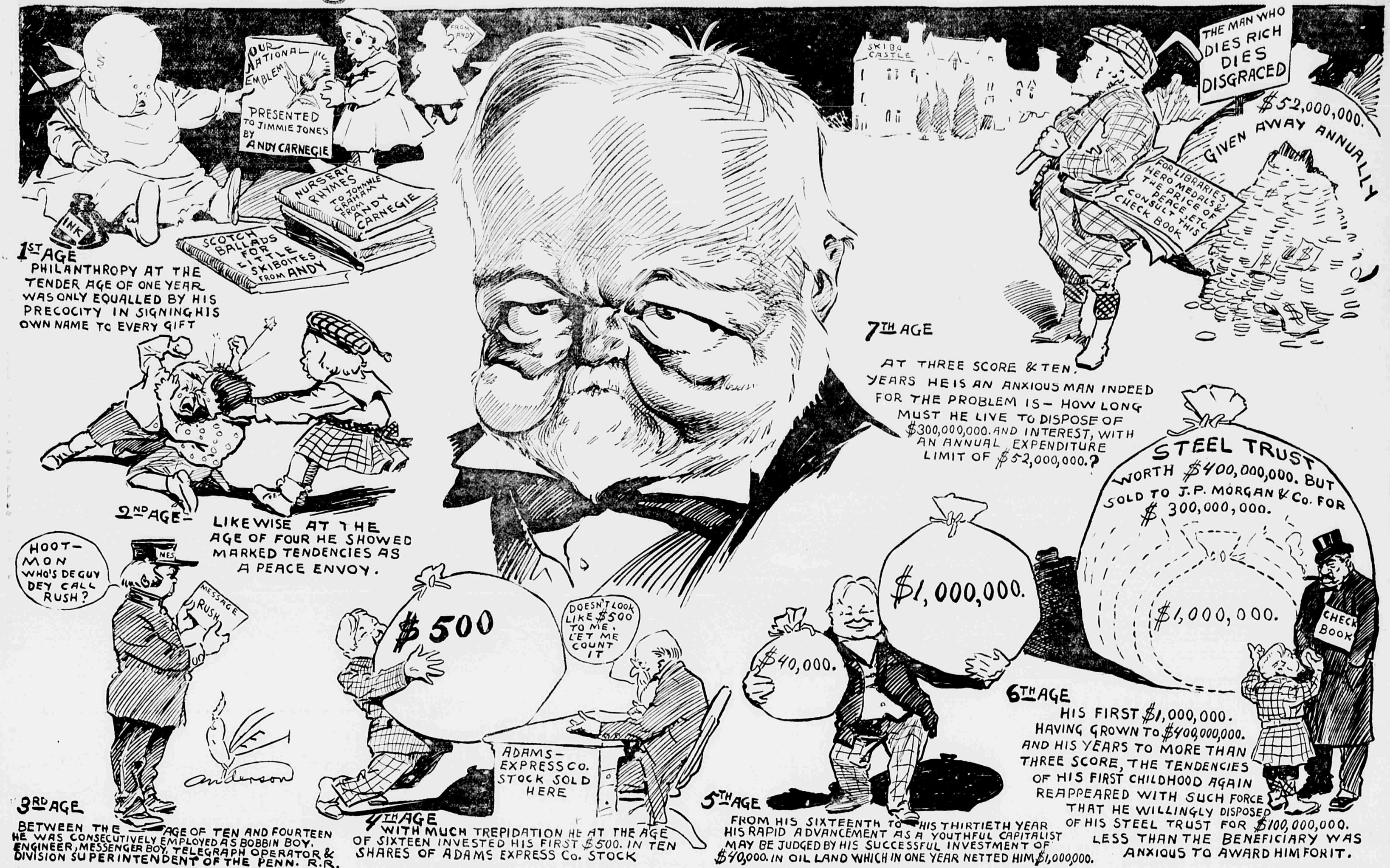


# The Seven Ages of Great Men. No. 1—Andrew Carnegie



## BEATRICE MORGAN Limits the Life of the "Stock" Actress to Five Years---Then---Rest!

By Charles Darnton.

**T**RILBY had just died across the couch, head downward, and face in the footlights, so that all Harlem might see. It wasn't exactly an "easy death," yet it was restful in a way, and I couldn't help thinking that Miss Beatrice Morgan welcomed it as the end of her "two-a-day."

You may know all about "The Life of an Actress"; but what do you know about the life of a "stock" actress? What do any of us know? We see her as the sweetly-suffering heroine, with a love-me-for-myself-alone expression, and the centre of the stage fairly crying "come!" to her. She leads an "ideal" existence. Everything is done for her. All that she has to do is to "act." For this she gets money, applause, flowers, and her picture in the papers. That's how it seems—all play and no work. But what is her story—the work-a-day tale on the untuned page? Would she tell it? The cheerful gentleman who plays the manager of the Harlem Opera House with a German dialect thought she would. Yes, he was sure she would. Trilby was no sooner dead than he piloted me back to the leading woman's prison.

Miss Morgan looked as though she were serving a life sentence at hard labor. A heavy weariness seemed to weigh down her smile of greeting. Already her part in next week's play was in her hand.

### Measuring Her Work.

"It's a small part," she remarked, running the pages under her thumb. "Only fifty sides."

"Do you measure everything by 'sides'?" I inquired.

"Here we measure everything by the yard," she tossed her new "part" to one side and smiled a smile as tired as Trilby's.

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"It means work first of all," she said; "but, and the flowing Trilby gown lightened by interest. For example, I am interested in 'Trilby.' My father and Du Maurier were third cousins, and I have heard from my mother the story of the real Trilby. Now that is interesting, isn't it? And this was the first to be made as Trilby in this country. That is a play—a real play—made by the great Mrs. George Gould and Mrs. Storer. Working in that treadmill! Why, I wouldn't do it for a thousand a week! Say, lend me a quarter, will you? And that's the way it goes. I've been here for three years now, and I'm still alive to tell the tale."

"You don't feel the strain of the work?"

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I went on the road, always with promises to lead me on, and finally I came back and found myself out of it altogether. I was like a poor wet sparrow when they took me in here. I knew nothing about acting then. All that I know I have learned here. The stock company is the only school we have in this country. The work here is hard, but it is worth while. And the pay is good—five times as much as actors get in the general run of companies—isn't it, Guy'ner?"

With managerial modesty the "Guy'ner" answered: "We are nothing if not generous."

### Broadway vs. Harlem.

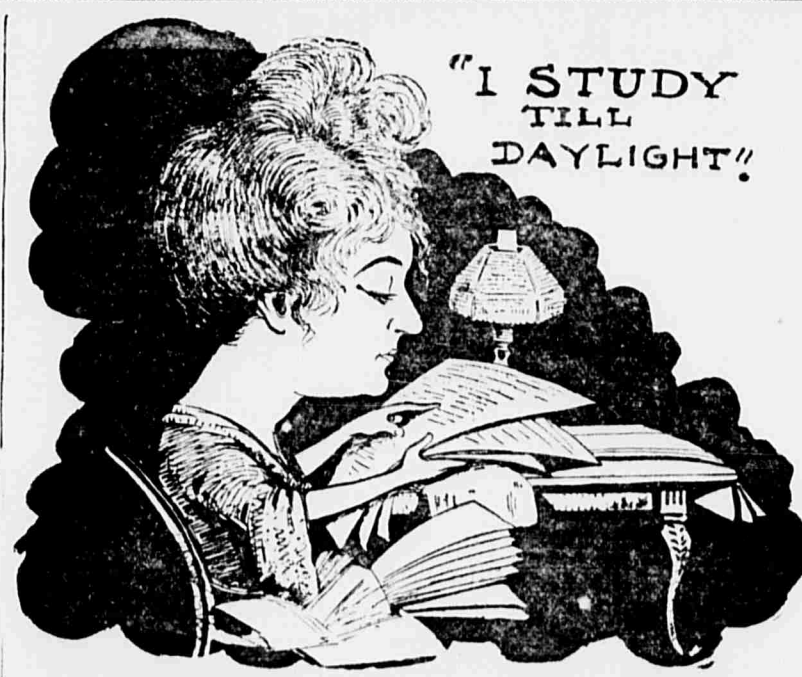
"The other day," went on Miss Morgan, "Mr. Hill (her husband) met an actor on Broadway who asked him what he was doing. When he told him that he was acting in the Harlem stock company, the Broadway actor exclaimed: 'Working in that treadmill! Why, I wouldn't do it for a thousand a week! Say, lend me a quarter, will you? And that's the way it goes. I've been here for three years now, and I'm still alive to tell the tale.'"

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She tossed a light laugh at the manager. That gentleman risked a word or two in answer, but said nothing that could be used against him.

"Well, anyway," pursued Miss Morgan, "getting down to work again, I'll need a rest by that time. A starring tour would be nothing but rest. I should feel that I had nothing to do but breathe fresh air and take long walks. No, I don't get much time out of that sort of thing now. But perhaps I'll have a few weeks in the summer. You'll let me off for a little while, won't you, Guy'ner?"

"Well, I've known a stock actress to get a hard work out of her face for a week or two in the country. The work does leave its mark on the face, you know. I can see it in mine. But, luckily, I can stand a great deal. I'm not a frail little thing, as you can see."

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And perhaps you'll wonder, as I did, how she finds time for it all.

### "The Long Day."

"I take time," she said, matter-of-factly. "I try to get to bed by half past twelve or one o'clock, but sometimes, of course, a new part keeps me up until two or three. If the part happens to be particularly hard, or I happen to be particularly stupid, I work over it till daylight. That means a very few hours' sleep, for I must be at the theatre for rehearsal by nine in the morning. If the rehearsal goes well we are through by half past twelve, and you see we have more time than we need for luncheon. You see, we don't have to be back for the afternoon performance until 1:30."

She gave her sense of humor a short indulgence and then added:

"But if the rehearsal doesn't go well, we are kept at it until 1:30 with just time enough to snatch a sandwich. This saves a lot of worry about what we'll have for luncheon. We know we're going to have a sandwich—if we're lucky. Then we know we're going to have the afternoon performance—we're always sure of that. We used to have a Wednesday reception after the matinee, but that's no longer part of the bill."

"I'm going to resume the reception next week," announced the "Guy'ner."

"Really?" asked Miss Morgan. "Well, I'm glad of it. I like to meet the people. It makes the work easier when you are in touch with them. And the reception don't last long. The 'Guy'ner' always breaks them up after fifteen minutes by singing 'Home, Sweet Home.' And then I can go to my dressing room and study my next week's part. I don't go out to dinner. I have something brought in—oh, yes, a regular human meal, real food. But twice a week I sleep between the two performances. On other days I study or write letters. Some weeks I get as many as 150 letters asking advice about the stage, love and things in general. When I first came here the people were anything but friendly. It was two months before they warmed toward me at all. Then I began to get letters and little presents. That broom," she said, indicating a little whisk-broom on the wall, "was sent me by a blind woman. These pictures," taking in a number of prints with a sweep of her arm, "are all gifts from little girls. The friendship of the people who come here week after week means a great deal to me and to keep it I am willing to sacrifice a little sleep."

"But when do you 'catch up'?"

"Her Day of Rest."

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## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE shapely, well fitting petticoat is absolutely essential to the well fitting gown. This one is designed to flare just sufficiently at the lower edge to mean comfortable walking and grace while it is perfectly smooth over the hips. In the illustration it is made of plain colored taffeta trimmed with bands of plaid, but it is just as well adapted to the lingerie materials as to silk, and it is appropriate for mohair and the many mercurized skirtings. When made in round length the frills are joined one to the other, making one flounce, but for the walking skirt the can be used in this way or left separate and arranged over the foundation as may be preferred.

Five-Gored Petticoat—Pattern No. 5899.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9-8 yards 21 or 24, 5-8 yards 26 inches wide, with 11-2 yards 31 or 3-4 yard 36 inches wide for the bands.

Pattern No. 5899 is cut in sizes for 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch waist.

Call or send to mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

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